

THE
A R T
Humanly Acquir'd not Divinely Taught
P R E A C H I N G,
IN IMITATION OF
HORACE's A R T
OF
P O E T R Y.

B Y
ROBERT DODSLEY,
AUTHOR OF THE TOY-SHOP, AND OTHER MORAL
AND ELEGANT PIECES.

The TENTH EDITION.

G L A S G O W:

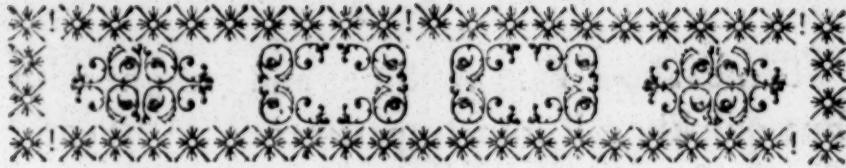
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People in my Self with Regard to my (Pec-
cator) on the Title page of this Invention
I do affirm that Preaching the gospel of
salvation (which is God from Dead & life & wicked
& Deliver a Pow'full Working Faith in our
Saviour Christ) is no human Art or Conivane-
ce man can do or leave undone if he Pleasest
it doth not Necessarily depend upon his wisdom
or erudition man but upon that Only which God
alone teacheth man wisdom secretly not to
finde eloquent word but to fear the Lord which
only is the Beginning of wisdom. Do art
which is the only True Wnde.

God himself is full of saving wisdom
& they shew wise (not oh that they where wthful
unto God) nor Learned, no but that they
know that they would consider & not art
nor Learning but their Lasses Ende for it in
us that many have not only considered & studied
the said human Qualifications who have
it least. God Righteously & consequently
is to be a Peacemaker & Righteous people is not
in all the world, out it may be said, if everybody
is not able to be a Peacemaker. he has
a Persuader in Ever so many Peacemakers
to declare him to God who will with
him & the full assistance of the same

14th Chapter. The cause of this
Book to be written. It is plain then
as men by their judgements in the brightness
of their Law for ever & ever
understand & understand better & better



THE

Art of Preaching;

In Imitation of

HORACE's ART of POETRY.

Should some strange Poet, in his Piece, affect
Pope's nervous Stile, with Ward's low
Puns be-deck'd; (Wit;
Prink Milton's true Sublime, with Swift's true
And Blackmore's Gravity with Gay's Conceit;
Would you not laugh? Trust me that Priest's
as bad,
Who in a Stile now grave, now raving mad,
Gives the wild Whims of dreaming Schoolmen
vent,

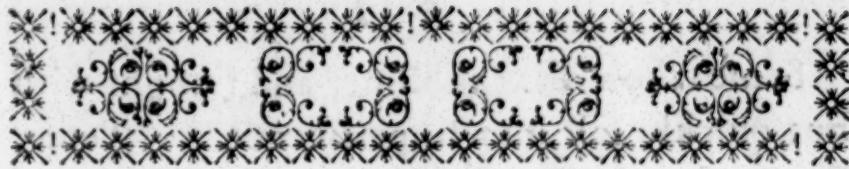
Whilst drowsy Congregations nod Assent.

The Priests, 'tis true, have always been allow'd
To teach Religion, and 'tis fit they shou'd;
But in that sacred Name when they dispense
Flat Contradictions to all common Sense;
Tho' Fools and Bigots wonder and believe,
The Wise 'tis not so easy to deceive.

Some

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the world's human publications who have
not been taught by God Rightly & consequently
to be a true & right Christian & yet
in other parts, but it may be in every body
not able to be a true & Right Christian if he has
not been made & instructed for so to be. Rustie
or to expect him to god that is with
him full of his birth & learning
the greatest part of this
book to be written of the flesh then
by these ides in the brightness
of his life these turnings made him
therefore to go & over
to another goodness he to be to the



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Some

Some take a Text sublime, and fraught with
 But quickly fall into Impertinence. (Sense,
 On Trifles eloquent, with great Delight
 They flourish outon some strange mystick Rite ;
 Clear up the Darkness of some useful Text,
 Or make some crabbed Passage more perplext :
 But to subdue the Passions, or direct,
 And all Life's moral Duties, they neglect.

Most Preachers err (except the wiser few)
 Thinking establish'd Doctrines, therefore true :
 Others; too fond of Novelty and Schemes,
 Amuse the World with airy, idle Dreams :
 Thus ~~selfish~~^{alone} Faith, or too presuming Wit,
 Are Rocks where Bigots, or Free-thinkers
 split.

The very meanest Dabler at *Whiteball*
 Can rail at Papists, or poor Quakers maul ;
 But when of some great Truth he aims to preach,
 Alas ! he finds it far beyond his Reach. (find
 Young Deacons try your Strength, and strive to
 A Subject suited to your Turn of Mind ;
 Method and Words are easily your own ;
 Or should they fail you---steal from *Tillotson*.

Much of its Beauty, Usefulness, and Force,
 Depends on rightly timing a Discourse.
 Before the L--ds or C-m-ns,--far from nice,
 Say boldly----*Brib'ry is a dirty Vice-----*
 But quickly check yourself--and with a Sneer--
 Of which this Honourable House is Clear.

Great

Great is the Work, and worthy of the Gown,
To bring forth hidden Truths, and make them
known.

Yet in all new Opinions, have a Care ; (bear :
Truth is too strong for some weak Minds to
And are new Doctrines taught, or old reviv'd ?
Let them from Scripture plainly be deriv'd.

Barclay or *Baxter*, wherefore do we blame
For Innovations, yet approve the same
In *Wickliff* and in *Calvin*? Why are These
Call'd wise Reformers? Those mad Sectaries?
'Tis most unjust : Men always had a Right,
And ever will, to think, to speak, to write
Their various Minds ; yet sacred ought to be
The Publick Peace, as Private Liberty.

Opinions are like Leaves which every Year
Now flourish green, now fall and disappear.
Once the Pope's Bulls could terrify his Foes,
And kneeling Princes kiss'd his sacred Toes ;
Now may he damn, or curse, or what he will,
There's not a Prince in Christendom will kneel.
Reason now reigns, and by her Aid we hope
Truth may revive, and sick'ning Error droop :
She the sole Judge, the Rule, the gracious Light
Kind Heav'n has lent to guide our Minds aright.

States to embroil, and Faction to display,
In wild Harangues, *Sacheverel* shew'd the way.

The Fun'r'al Sermon, when it first began,
Was us'd to weep the Loss of some good Man ;
Now

Now any Wretch, for one small Piece of Gold,
Shall have fine Praises from the Pulpit sold :
But when this Custom rose, who can decide?
From Priestly Av'rice? or from Human Pride?

Truth, moral Virtue, Piety, and Peace
Are noble Subjects, and the Pulpit grace:
But Zeal for Trifles arm'd imperious *Laud*,
His Power and Cruelty the Nation aw'd.
Why was he honour'd with the Name of Priest,
And Greatest made, unworthy to be Least,
Whose Zeal was Fury, whose Devotion Pride,
Power his great God, and Interest his sole Guide?

To touch the Passions let your Style be plain;
The Praise of Virtue asks a higher Strain :
Yet sometimes the Pathetick may receive
The utmost Force that Eloquence can give;
As sometimes, in Eulogiums, 'tis the Art,
With plain Simplicity to win the Heart.

'Tis not enough that what you say is true,
To make *us* feel it, *you* must feel it too:
Show *yourself* warm'd, and that will Warmth
impart

To every Hearer's sympathizing Heart.
When honest *Foster* Virtue does enforce,
All give Attention to the warm Discourse:
But who a cold, dull, lifeless, Drawling keeps,
One half his Audience laughs, the other sleeps.

In censuring Vice be earnest and severe;
In stating dubious Points concise and clear;

Anger

Anger requires stern Looks and threat'ning Stile ;
 But paint the Charms of Virtue with a Smile.
 These diff'rent Changes Common Sense will
 teach ;

And we expect them from you if you preach ;
 For should your Manner differ from your Theme,
 Or on quite different Subjects be the same,
 Despis'd and laught at, you must travel down,
 And hide such Talents in some Country Town.

It much concerns a Preacher first to learn
 The Genius of his Audience, and their Turn.
 Amongst the Citizens be grave and slow ;
 Before the Nobles let fine Periods flow ; (Skill ;
 The *Temple* Church asks *Sherlock's* Sense, and
 Beyond the Tow'r--no Matter--what you will.

In Facts or Notions fetch'd from sacred Writ
 Be orthodox, nor cavil to show Wit :
 Or if your daring Genius is so bold
 To teach new Doctrines, or to censure old,
 With Care proceed ; you tread a dangerous Path ;
 Error establish'd grows establish'd Faith.
 'Tis easier much, and much the safer Rule
 To teach in Pulpit what you learnt at School ;
 | With Zeal defend whate'er the Church believes,
 | If you expect to thrive, or wear Lawn Sleeves.
 | Some loudly bluster, and consign to Hell
 All who dare doubt one Word or Syllable
 Of what they call the Faith ; & which extends
 To Whims and Trifles without Use or Ends :

Sure

Sure 'tis much nobler, and more like Divine,
 T' enlarge the Path to Heaven, than to confine:
 Insist alone on useful Points, or plain ;
 And know, God cannot hate a virtuous Man.

If you expect or hope that we should stay
 Your whole Discourse, nor strive to flink away ;
 Some venial Faults there are you must avoid,
 To every Age and Circumstance ally'd.
 A pert young Student just from College brought,
 With many little Pedantries is fraught :
 Reasons with Syllogism, persuades with Wit,
 Quotes Scraps of *Greek* instead of sacred Writ ;
 Or deep immers'd in Politick Debate,
 Reforms the Church, and guides the totter-
 ing State.

Those Trifles which maturer Age forgot,
 Now some good Benefice employs his Thought ;
 He seeks a Patron, and will soon incline
 To all his Notions civil or divine ;
 Studies his Principles both Night and Day,
 And as that Scripture guides, must preach and
 pray.

Av'rice and Age creep on : his reverend Mind
 Begins to grow Right-reverendly inclin'd.
 Power and Preferment still so sweetly call,
 The Voice of Heaven is never heard at all :
 Set but a tempting Bishoprick in View,
 He's strictly Orthodox and Loyal too ;
 With equal Zeal defends the Church and State,
 And Infidels and Rebels share his Hate.

Some

If Pastors more than thrice five Minutes
preach ;
Their sleepy Flocks begin to yawn, and stretch.
Never presume the Name of God to bring
As sacred Sanction to a trifling Thing
Before, or after Sermon, Hymns of Praise
Exalt the Soul, and true Devotion raise.
In Songs of Wonder celebrate His Name,
Who spread the Skies, and built the starry
Frame :

Or thence descending view this Globe below,
And praise the Source of every Bliss we know.

In ancient Times, when Heaven was to be
prais'd,

Our humble Ancestors their Voices rais'd,

And Hymns of thanks from grateful Bosoms
flow'd,

For Ills prevented, or for Good bestow'd :
But as the Church increas'd in Power and Pride,
The Pomp of Sound the want of Sense supply'd ;
Majestick Organs then were taught to blow,
And plain Religion grew a Raree-show :
Strange ceremonious Whims, a numerous Race,
Were introduce'd, in Truth's and Virtue's place.
Mysterious Turnpikes block up Heaven's
Highway,

And for a Ticket, we our Reason pay.

These Superstitions quickly introduce
Contempt, Neglect, wild Satire, and Abuse ;
Religion and its Priests, by every Fool,
Were thought a Jest, and turn'd to Ridicule.
Some few indeed found where the Medium lay,
And kept the * Coat, but tore the Fringe away.

Of Preaching well if you expect the Fame,
Let Truth and Virtue be your first great Aim.
Your sacred Function often call to mind,
And think how great the Trust to teach Mankind !

'Tis yours in useful Sermons to explain,
Both what we owe to God, and what to Man.
'Tis yours the Charms of Liberty to paint,
His Country's Love in every Breast to plant ;
Yours every social Virtue to improve,
Justice, Forbearance, Charity, and Love ;

* Vide Martin in the Tale of Tub.

Yours

Yours too the private Virtues to augment,
Of Prudence, Temperance, Modesty, Content:
When such the Man, how amiable the Priest !
. Of all Mankind the worthiest, and the best.

Ticklish the Point, I grant, and hard to find,
To please the various Tempers of Mankind.
Some love you should the crabbed Points ex-
plain,

Where Texts with Texts a dreadful War
maintain :

Some love a new, and some the beaten Path,
Morals please some, and others Points of
Faith ;

But he's the Man, he's the admir'd Divine,
In whose Discourses Truth and Virtue join :
These are the Sermons which will ever live,
By these our *Tonsons, and our Knaptons thrive ;
How such are read, and prais'd and how they
sell,

Let Barrow's, Clarke's, and Foster's Sermons tell.

Preachers should either make us good or wise,
Him that does neither, who but must despise ?
If all your Rules are useful, short, and plain,
We soon shall learn them, and shall long retain ;
But if on Trifles you harangue, away
We turn our Heads, and laugh at all you say.

But Priests are Men, and Men are prone to
err,

On common Failings none should be severe;

* Eminent Booksellers.

All are not Masters of the same good Sense,
Nor bleſt with equal Powers of Eloquence.
'Tis true: and Errors with an honest Mind,
Will meet with easy Pardon from Mankind;
But, who persists in Wrong with haughty
Pride,

Him all must censure, many will deride.

Yet few are Judges of a fine Discourse,
Can see its Beauties, or can feel its Force ;
With like Indulgence some attentive sit,
To sober Reasoning, and to shallow Wit.

What then? Because your Audience most are
Fools,

Will you neglect all Method, and all Rules?
Or since the Pulpit is a sacred Place,
Where none dare contradict you to your Face,
Will you presume to tell a thousand Lies?
If so, we may forgive, but must despise.

In jingling *Bev'ridge* if I chance to see
One Word of Sense, I prize the Rarity:
But if in *Hooker*, *Sprat*, or *Tillotson*,
A Thought unworthy of themselves is shown,
I grieve to see it, but 'tis no Surprize,
The greatest Men are not at all times wise.

Sermons, like Plays, some please us at the Ear,
But never will a serious Reading bear ;
Some in the Closet edity enough,
That from the Pulpit seem'd but sorry stuff.
'Tis thus : there are who by ill preaching spoil
Young's pointed Sense, or *Atterbury's* Stile ;
Whilst

Whilst others by the Force of Eloquence,
Make That seem fine, which scarce is com-
mon Sense.

In every Science, they that hope to rise,
Set great Examples still before their Eyes.
Young Lawyers copy *Murray* where they can ;
Physicians *Mead*, and Surgeons *Chefelden* :
But all will preach, without the least Pretence
To Virtue, Learning, Art, or Eloquence.
Why not? you cry : they plainly see, no doubt
A Priest may grow Right-Reverend without.

Preachers and Preaching were at first design'd
For common Benefit to all Mankind.
Publick and private Virtues they explain'd,
To Goodness cou ted, and from Vice restrain'd:
Love, Peace, and Union breath'd in each Dis-
course,
And their Examples gave their Precepts Force.
From thence good Men, the Priests and all their
Line,

Were honour'd with the Title of *Divine*.
But soon their proud Successors left this Path,
Forsook plain Morals for dark Points of Faith;
Till Creeds on Creeds the warring World inflam'd,

And all Mankind, by different Priests, were
damn'd.

Some ask which is th' Essential of a Priest,
Virtue or Learning? What they ask's a Jest :

We daily see dull Loads of reverend Fat,
Without Pretence to either This or That.
But who like *Hough* or *Hoadly* hopes to shine,
Must with great Learning real Virtue join.

He who by Preaching hopes to raire a Name,
To no small Excellence directs his Aim.
On every noted Preacher he must wait ;
The Voice, the Look, the Gesture imitate :
And when complete in Stile and Eloquence,
Must then crown all with Learning and good
Sense.

But some with lazy Pride disgrace the Gown,
And never preach one Sermon of their own ;
'Tis easier to transcribe than to compose,
So all the Week they eat, and drink, and doze.

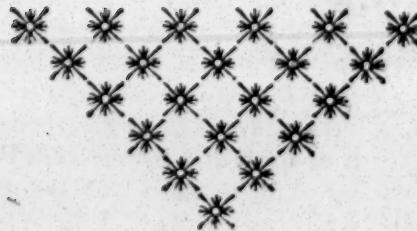
As Quacks with lying Puffs the Papers fill,
Or hand their own Praise in a pocky Bill,
Where empty Boasts of much superior Sense,
Draw from the cheated Croud their idle Pence ;
So the great *H---ley* hires for Half a Crown, }
A quack Advertisement to tell the Town }
Of some strange Point to be disputed on :
Where all who love the Science of Debate,
May hear Themselves, or other Coxcombs prate.

When Dukes or noble Lords, a Chaplain hire,
They first of his Capacities enquire,
If stoutly qualify'd to drink and smoke,
If not too nice to bear an impious Joke,
If tame enough to be the common Jest,
This is a Chaplain to his Lordship's Taste.

If Bards to *Pope* indifferent Verses show,
 He is too honest not tell them so.
 This is obscure, he cries, and this too rough,
 These trifling, or superfluous; strike them off.
 How useful every Word from such a Friend!
 But Parsons are too proud *Their Works to mend,*
 They'll every Fault with Arrogance defend,
 Think them too sacred to be criticiz'd,
 And rather chuse to let them be despis'd.

He that is wise will not presume to laugh
 At Priests, or Church-Affairs; it is not safe.
 Think there exists, and let it check your Sport,
 That dreadful Monster call'd a Spiritual Court.
 Into whose cruel Jaws if once you fall,
 In vain, alas in vain, for Aid you call;
 Clerks, Proctors, Priests, voracious round you
 ply, (dry.)
 Like Leeches sticking, till they've suck'd you

F I N I S.





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